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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME VII.

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## POETRY.

### HE LEADS US ON.

He leads us on  
By paths we did not know,  
Upward he leads us, though our steps be slow,  
Though oft we falter and falter by the way,  
Though storms and darkness oft obscure the day.  
Yet, when the clouds are gone,  
We know he leads us on.  
He leads us on  
Throughout the unquiet years:  
Past all our dreamland hopes, and doubts and  
fears,  
He guides our steps. Through all the tangled  
maze  
Of sin, of sorrow, and o'erclouded days,  
We know his will is done,  
And still he leads us on.  
And He at last,  
After the weary strife,  
After the restless fever we call life—  
After the dreariness, the aching pain—  
The wayward struggles, which have proved in  
vain—  
After our toils are past—  
Will give us rest at last.

## STORY TELLER.

### HARRY'S COMPACT.

A schoolmistress had been engaged  
in place of the outgoing master, who  
had been called to a professor's chair  
at — University.  
She was to be in the little old school  
house on the first Monday in May.  
There had been some difference of  
opinion among the people—one party  
wishing for a gentleman; the other,  
from motives of economy, preferring a  
lady teacher. The latter faction had  
carried the day.  
School opened with a full attend  
ance. One class consisted of lads  
whose ages ranged from sixteen to  
twenty. They had been much attach  
ed to Mr. Osborne, and the idea of see  
ing a lady in his place was so distaste  
ful to them that they had formed a  
league among themselves to make the  
place, as they said, "too hot" for her.  
Taken singly, each would have been  
ashamed to annoy a woman, but one  
had urged another on until their views  
seemed right and justifiable.  
Miss Brown was in happy ignorance  
of this unpleasant feeling, as she was  
a stranger in the place. An old friend  
had heard of the position, and, know  
ing her to be in search of one, had ad  
vised her to apply for it.  
The school-house boasted but one  
room. A platform ran across the end;  
on it stood a desk, with a Bible, a pen,  
and a ferule, in close proximity to each  
other.  
Of the two rows of seats, ranged  
along the sides, those nearest the en  
trance were reserved for the older  
scholars, as they were provided with  
desks; the others, being without that  
convenience, were occupied by the  
primary class.  
Between these benches, filled with  
children, watching her entrance with  
eager, curious eyes, lay Miss Brown's  
pathway to her desk.  
As she came in, there were looks,  
first of surprise, then of amusement.  
She was so petite, with a round,  
childish face, which flushed slightly as  
she saw the formidable class of boys,  
all taller, and some of them older than  
herself.  
For a moment she was conscious of  
a feeling of dismay; but down deep  
in her heart lurked a trust in the in  
nate nobleness of the manly nature,  
and of its chivalrous respect for woman,  
so she soon rallied her courage.  
Turning, as she reached the plat  
form, she said pleasantly:  
"I am glad to see so many bright,  
young faces here this morning. Our  
purpose is the same—to work. I to  
teach, you to learn. I shall give you  
very few rules, so there will be no  
temptation to break them, and I hope  
that the end of the season will find our  
school one to be proud of. Let us be  
gin by saying the Lord's prayer."  
The fresh, young voice had a charm  
peculiarly its own. She was so gir  
lish-looking, it filled the scholars with  
surprise to hear her address them with  
such quiet dignity. A chapter from  
the Bible followed the prayer. Then  
she said:  
"The older pupils will please take  
the books they have been accustomed  
to use and prepare lessons. I will form  
the classes as soon as I have time to  
examine all, but it will be slow work.  
I feel sure that you will aid me in my  
duties by being as quiet as possible

until we get into smooth, working or  
der. First, I will give the little ones  
an exercise."  
She went to the blackboard, gave a  
few bold, free strokes with some col  
ored crayons she had brought, and lo!  
a picture of a dog lying at the feet of  
a child stood out in fine relief. Smiling  
at the children's delighted faces, she  
told them a brief but engrossing story  
about the two, holding attention from  
first to last, then printed some short  
explanatory words underneath her  
sketch for them to say over in concert  
until memorized.  
"There, children, that is your first  
lesson in reading and spelling. Now  
sit down. You shall have slates and  
pencils to copy—"  
Just then a large spit-ball whizzed  
past, escaping her cheek, and lodging  
on the blackboard. She glanced around  
in search of the sender, whose look of  
preternatural innocence at once betrayed  
him.  
"The boy who is studying so very in  
dustriously may come to me."  
A pair of merry brown eyes glanced  
up from his book. Their owner saw  
he was found out, and looking rather  
shame-faced, went forward, amid a  
subdued giggle from the rest of the  
scholars.  
"What is your name?—Jack? Well,  
Jack, I see you have an active temper  
ament and are happiest when busy.  
Please take these slate-pencils and  
sharpen them nicely. We want good  
materials to work with, don't we,  
chicks?" with a bright look at the lit  
tle ones.  
So on, through the long day, with  
many experiences calculated to vex  
her; but she bore them all with im  
perturbable good humor.  
A lecture by an experienced instruc  
tor to which she had once listened,  
had impressed her with its good sense;  
and one of his maxims was, "Never  
lose command of your own temper, if  
you wish to control others."  
When the oldest class was called  
for examination, she felt, as the stal  
wart, ruddy-faced boys towered up in  
front of her, that it was almost pre  
sumption to think of teaching them.  
But she soon found the benefit of her  
thorough drill in the Normal College.  
Though the tall pupils were good in  
their studies as far as they went, they  
had as yet only paddled their boats on  
the edge of the ocean of knowledge,  
while she had breasted some of the  
breakers.  
She worked patiently and persever  
ingly on, and after a time, succeeded  
in making the school a marvel of or  
der and industry.  
One among the larger boys—Harry  
Chisholm—had always led in every  
kind of frolic and mischief. He was a  
little past his sixteenth birthday;  
handsome and sunburned, with curly  
hair and merry blue eyes.  
Before Miss Brown took up her  
"mimic sceptre," he had been one of  
her predecessor's most ardent adher  
ents, and had pledged himself to his  
mates to annoy the teacher in whatev  
er way they should suggest.  
Now he would gladly have been ab  
solved from his promise, as Miss Brown  
had also become a great favorite with  
him; but it was too good an opportu  
nity for fun to be lost, and the boys  
insisted that he should fulfill his com  
pact, and—kiss the teacher.  
As they made known their views,  
Harry's face clouded, until a happy  
thought struck him.  
"All right, fellows, I'll do it; but  
I'll not promise when, and with this  
the boys had to rest content.  
It is the custom in some country  
places for the teacher to board around;  
first spending a portion of her time  
with one, then with another of the pu  
pils' parents, until all have done their  
share of entertaining.  
Miss Brown was at Harry Chisholm's  
during the month of June, and found  
her stay there very pleasant. Harry  
despoiled the woods of treasures of  
moss and flowers to decorate the  
rooms in her honor, and his mother  
spared no pains in compounding mar  
vels of delicious cookery to tempt her  
to "eat and grow fat" as she said in  
her homely but cordial way.  
There was now but one thing want  
ing to make Harry perfectly happy,  
and that was to have his former friend

an teacher, Mr. Osborne, pay them a  
visit. So with his mother's consent he  
wrote and invited him to spend Satur  
day and Sunday with them.  
The young teacher came home from  
the half-day Saturday session feeling  
tired and dispirited. As she entered  
into the shady east parlor, which was  
the favorite sitting room of the family,  
her eyes, unused to the subdued light,  
failed to notice that it was already ten  
anted.  
She sank into an inviting looking  
easy chair, and giving her sun bonnet  
a toss to the table leaned wearily back  
and closed her eyes.  
The rattle of a newspaper caused  
her to open them again suddenly, and  
find that she had intruded thus uncer  
emoniously upon another visitor. As  
she rose confusedly the gentleman  
came forward and held out his hand.  
After one surprised glance she gave a  
little cry of pleasure.  
"Mr. Osborne! am I dreaming? or  
is it a ghost instead of your very own  
self?"  
"No ghost I assure you; but I feel  
like echoing your question. How is it  
I find you here in this quiet out-of-the  
way place?"  
Just then Rosie Brown recollected  
herself. She must not let this man,  
who had for a few brief months brought  
such happiness into her life, and then  
had dropped out so suddenly, and for  
a time had caused even the sunlight  
to seem a mockery to her—she must  
not let him see how her heart throbbed  
at the familiar music of his voice. The  
answer was given with a sudden change  
of manner.  
"I am Harry's teacher, and am stay  
ing here for the present."  
"You! teaching a district school!  
What does it mean? I thought you  
were married and on your way to Eu  
rope months ago."  
"Married!" began Rosie, in bewil  
derment. Then her lips commenced  
to tremble, and before she could sum  
mon pride to her aid the tears came  
and she was sobbing bitterly.  
James Osborne's face was a study.  
He made a movement forward—long  
ing to gather her to his heart and  
kiss away the tears; but he restrained  
himself.  
"Rosie," he said, after a moment's  
troubled silence, "did you receive a let  
ter from me soon after I went away?"  
"No," she said, wiping her eyes and  
looking wonderingly into his agitate  
face.  
"I wrote to you as soon as I had se  
cured my professorship, and asked you  
—oh, Rosie! do you know what my  
question was?"  
Rosie's pretty head drooped beneath  
her lover's gaze, but she had no more  
tears to hide. Her face shone with a  
sudden sunlight of joy. She had been  
right after all in her intuitions. Jamie  
Osborne had loved her, and she had  
not misconstrued his meaning when  
he had whispered at their parting:  
"As soon as my future is decided  
upon I am going to write and ask my  
little friend a question. Until then I  
must keep silence."  
Her heart had thrilled as she listen  
ed to the low tender tones, and for  
weeks the postman's arrival had been  
awaited with eager eyes. Then the  
dreary interval of disappointment, and  
at last the feeling that she had been  
cruelly deceived—that he whom she  
had thought so noble and true had  
been trifling with her heart's deepest  
and holiest emotions.  
"I will tell you," her lover continued  
"It was a call to little Rosie to come  
and help him decorate the pretty home  
nest the writer was at last in circum  
stances to build, and to be its beloved  
and honored mistress. But no answer  
came, and soon after I read in the  
Times a notice of the marriage of Miss  
Rosalind Brown—"  
Rose interrupted him impetuously.  
"I see it all now. That was my  
cousin Rosie, and—and you thought  
it was I!"  
"Then, Rosie, will you answer my  
question now? Will you be my wife?"  
Rosie looked up. Smiles and tears  
were contending for the mastery, but  
smiles carried the day. A little of her  
old archness came into the face lately  
so grave and quiet.  
"Don't it seem like a dangerous ex  
periment when you think of it? I have

of late developed a faculty for govern  
ing, and I might try my powers upon  
you."  
Her lover answered in the same  
spirit.  
"In that case it would be 'diamond  
cut diamond,' for I am a teacher too,  
you know."  
N. B.—Harry carried out his con  
tract with his schoolmates. He did  
kiss the teacher; but it was not until  
he officiated as "best man" at her wed  
ding.  
OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.  
WASHINGTON, D. C., April 26, 1878.  
The wheels of legislation move slow  
ly as time wears on. The cheerful  
sunshine of spring tints the future  
with more hopeful prospects, and men  
in business are committing themselves  
to their daily toil with braver hearts  
and more heroic purposes.  
The financial question, by an under  
current of irresistible forces, has drift  
ed out of the arena of legislation enact  
ments, or divided public sentiment,  
and the gulf is now closed that has  
for years been a yawning chasm be  
tween greenbacks and gold. While  
statesmen and politicians are discuss  
ing the best method of resuming spe  
cie payment these silent and persis  
tent forces have brought the country  
to face resumption as a living fact. If  
this continues for a few days the whole  
specie reserve of the nation will come  
into active circulation, and largely in  
crease the currency, and thereby be the  
means of inducing a healthy infla  
tion in the current medium of exchange.  
The result has had the tendency al  
ready to quicken the sluggish activities  
of trade.  
Values are now established, and  
from this onward it may be safe to ex  
pect an era of unprecedented prosper  
ity. The wealth to be given this coun  
try, by a crop in breadth of area and  
in quantity unparalleled, will put into  
circulation among the farmers millions  
upon millions, that shall from them  
flow into every channel of trade. No  
country in the world has such powers  
of recuperation as a domain so diver  
sified, and well adapted to call into  
active exercise its aggregated indus  
tries.  
The Assistant Treasurer at San  
Francisco reports the first deposit in  
coin ever received by him on account  
of sales of public lands in payment of  
a currency obligation.  
Four hundred and fourteen new  
post-offices have been established since  
the first of December, and the settle  
ment of new fields in the far West is  
creating the necessity for new postal  
facilities at a rapid rate.  
It is estimated that \$200,000 will be  
collected in this district by the in  
troduction of the musical Moffet, regis  
ter, and we may shortly expect to  
hear its tinkling gingle above the hum  
of all other sounds.  
Commissioner LeDuc proposes for  
the Department of Agriculture a wid  
er field of effort than that of a mere  
conservatory of pumpkin seeds, or a  
distributing medium of congressional  
favours.  
He claims that we are importing ar  
ticles from abroad at an expense of  
\$230,000,000 annually that can be  
raised with profit by our own people.  
The cost of imported sugar alone is  
\$110,000,000 per year. The commis  
sioner is confident that tea, olives,  
dates, palms, figs and English walnuts  
can be raised profitably in many sec  
tions, and he asks congressional ap  
propriation to test the experiment.  
Economy in the House is showing  
itself in a manner anything but pro  
motive of the interest of the people.  
For twenty-five years congress pro  
vided for the publication at a cost of  
from \$50,000 to \$300,000 annually of  
a meagre illustration of patents grant  
ed, known as the "Patent Office report."  
In 1872 this publication was disconti  
ned, and the office began the issue of  
an illustrated weekly Patent Office Gazette  
at a subscription price of \$5.00 yearly.  
A saving of \$150,000 was effected, as  
the subscriptions to a great extent de  
frayed the cost of publication.  
The present congress are so tardy  
in their appropriations that thousands  
of inventors who have paid in advance  
for the Patent Office Gazette will be  
deprived of it, in consequence of the  
lack of funds to continue the publica  
tion.

A NOVEL CHURCH SCENE.  
EASTER SERVICE AMONG THE DEAF AND  
DUMB PEOPLE—PANTOMIME, PRAYER  
AND SONG—A STRANGE EVENT AT ST.  
JAMES' EPISCOPAL CHURCH YESTERDAY  
—A MODEL CONGREGATION.  
[From Chicago Daily News, April 22, 1878.]  
Of the Easter services of yesterday  
those, which were perhaps as impress  
ive as any, were held in the chapel of  
St. James' Church by Rev. A. W.  
Mann. The clergyman and congrega  
tion were alike deaf-mutes. It was  
the regular service of the Episcopal  
Church for the day, with only such  
deviations as the character of the con  
gregation required. For instance,  
there was no \$30,000 organ played by  
a high salaried organist. It may be  
said, however, that this was omitted  
because of some strict Presbyterian  
notions which the members may hold.  
APPEARANCE OF THE CONGREGATION.  
The chapel is the room over the  
vestry; the entrance to which is gain  
ed through the tower at the corner of  
the church. An unpretentious altar  
stands opposite the door by which you  
go in; fronting toward it are a  
few seats. The services had just be  
gun as the *Daily News* reporter step  
ped forward, as lightly as possible,  
for fear of disturbing some one. But  
an acquaintance, who is master of the  
sign-language, and kindly acted as in  
terpreter for the day, spoke out, ask  
ing him to be seated at his side with  
out having the least idea that he was  
committing any impropriety by so do  
ing.  
The audience, about thirty in num  
ber, were paying the strictest atten  
tion to the clergyman, who was mak  
ing some as apparently inconsistent  
gesticulations as clergymen are in the  
habit of using. The selection of scrip  
tures was from the twenty-second  
chapter of Numbers. It contains the  
story of that little conversation which  
Balaam had, once upon a time, with  
one of the beasts of burden which has  
since, unfortunately, lost the power  
of speech. A synopsis of this story  
was given. The moral drawn was  
that we should turn back when about  
to commit a sin, never yielding to  
temptation.  
THE PRAYER AND SONG.  
The minister read with his fingers  
the 103d Psalm. It was not sung.  
The creed of the church was then  
repeated in concert. No voice lagged  
behind, none shot ahead of the rest,  
but there was a general motion of the  
hands and fingers in perfect time.  
At the prayer, the pastor kneeling  
at the altar in his white robes, the  
close attention of the audience, the  
grave and becoming motions of the  
hands of the supplicant, could not  
help inspiring one with that reverential  
feeling, accompanying the solemn rit  
ual of the Episcopal service. No heads  
were bowed, for all eyes were watch  
ing the hands of the clergyman.  
Before beginning his sermon, Mr.  
Mann announced that he would be  
present again on the 29th of May, and  
that he would then attend the Episco  
pal Convention to be held that week  
in this city. As is his custom, Mr.  
Holmes would act as lay reader on the  
Sundays intervening. He then  
narrated several instances of religious  
devotion which had come under his  
own observation. One of the exam  
ples was a weak, tottering old man,  
93 years of age, who lived in Cleve  
land, Ohio, and from whose father  
that city was named. This man, fee  
ble as he was, attended church every  
Sabbath. With this and other like  
instances before him he could find lit  
tle sympathy for that class who so  
often had a periodical headache Sun  
day mornings. The sparkling of the  
eyes and a smile on the lips showed  
plainly that the congregation appreci  
ated the hint of which, it may be,  
some were in need. Again there were  
marked indications of appreciation,  
when, in alluding to impostors among  
beggars, the clergyman mentioned an  
instance of a deaf-mute coming to him  
and asking aid with a ten cent cigar  
in his mouth.  
A STRANGE PANTOMIME.  
The subject of the sermon proper  
was "Devotional Reading." He coun  
seled the audience to avoid the flash  
novels of the period. The argument  
was well brought out. It was during

the delivery of the sermon that the  
pantomime became the most earnest.  
The motions were all graceful. They  
were made for the most part by the  
movements of the hands and arms  
right in front of the body. Scarcely  
a word was spelled out during the en  
tire discourse, save a few proper  
names. All was represented by word  
and phrase signs. The sermon was  
rendered nearly as rapidly as it could  
have been spoken.  
During the entire discourse strict  
attention had been paid by the audi  
ence. When any one entered the  
room they did not appear to hear him  
at all, consequently did not look around  
to see who it was. Though they have  
the best opportunity in the world to  
converse with each other without at  
tracting the attention of any one, only  
one instance was seen of any attempt  
to violate church etiquette in this way.  
The offender was, of course, a lady,  
who probably made a remark on some  
new bonnet. There was a little yawning  
toward the close of the sermon,  
but one can't expect deaf-mutes to be  
entirely different in this respect from  
other human beings.  
After the benediction how the  
tongues—fingers rather—did fly.  
Young gentlemen would stand oppo  
site young ladies and smile, constant  
ly gesticulating; and some of the  
young ladies would return the smile,  
and some would not, just as some oth  
er young ladies have been known to do.  
AN ODD CHARACTER.  
A sable African, as black as lamp  
black could have made him, was the  
center of quite a group, whom he was  
entertaining with some very remark  
able gestures. He has no mixed blood  
in his veins, for he traces his ancestry  
back through a long line of West  
Africans. His history is somewhat  
noteworthy. He was born in Sierra  
Leone. From there he was taken to  
England by missionaries, and his edu  
cation begun. But he did not fancy  
the climate; he wanted to go back to  
Africa where he could swim in the  
warm water, and bask in the tropical  
sun. He set out, but instead of land  
ing in Africa, he was put on shore at  
New York. With a second attempt  
he only succeeded in reaching South  
America. From thence he contrived  
to reach New Orleans, then back to  
New York again; and he has drifted  
to Chicago at last. Still, he desires  
to return to his native land. He wish  
es to go as a missionary. He says  
there are many deaf-mutes among the  
negroes of Africa. Such children are  
frequently put to death as useless  
members of the community. He is  
now attending the deaf-mute school  
in Chicago.  
THE CLERGYMAN'S STORY.  
The Rev. A. W. Mann, who officiat  
ed, is one of the three deaf-mute  
clergymen who have been ordained in  
this country. The Rev. H. W. Syle  
and the Rev. Job Turner are the oth  
er two. They all belong to the Epis  
copal Church, which has taken a spe  
cial interest in deaf-mutes. [Mr. Turner  
has not yet been ordained, but expects  
to be during this year.—ED. JOURNAL.]  
Mr. Mann has a wife, who is a deaf-mute  
like himself, but reads from the lips.  
They have one child, but it can hear.  
Their home is in Cleveland. Mr. Mann  
is constantly traveling, holding religi  
ous services, on week days as well as  
on Sundays. His circuit extends from  
Buffalo to St. Louis, and includes  
Chicago, Cleveland, Ohio, Jackson,  
Mich., Pittsburg, Penn., about twenty  
places in all. His largest congrega  
tion is at St. Louis; it numbers about  
fifty members. In Chicago the con  
gregation numbers thirty. A fair pro  
portion of the deaf-mutes are mem  
bers of the church.  
SOME STATISTICS.  
Mr. Mann states that there is on an  
average one deaf-mute to every 1,500  
people, and that there are 25,000 in  
the United States. There are 18,000  
pupils who have been under instruc  
tion during the past year, in the vari  
ous State institutions of this country.  
More than one-half the teachers in  
these institutions are deaf-mutes. The  
first school for this class was estab  
lished in Hartford, Conn., in 1817.  
There are now 50 in the United States  
and 200 in Europe.  
The trade which the greater num  
ber of them adopt is shoemaking.  
There are also quite a number of com  
positors among them, while there are  
several papers edited entirely by deaf  
mutes. The young ladies, Mr. Mann  
says, get married as other young la  
dies do, and make very good house  
keepers. They are very expert with  
the needle. Judging from the neat  
attire and good looks of those present  
it is no wonder that some of them  
marry speaking people. The men  
are intelligent looking.  
A DEAF-MUTE SUNDAY SCHOOL.  
The deaf-mutes have a Sabbath  
school which meets regularly every  
Sunday. They also have a literary  
society that has met on Saturday even  
ings during the past winter at Far  
well Hall. A school sustained by the  
city is held in the Jones School build  
ing. There are thirty-three pupils in  
attendance, taught by two teachers.  
Mr. Emery, the senior teacher, has  
the degrees of M. A. and D. D. He  
became deaf when three years of age,  
and still speaks. Mr. C. S. Williams,  
his associate teacher, is the son of a  
deaf-mute father, but is neither deaf  
nor dumb himself. He takes a great  
interest in the deaf-mutes, with whom  
he is constantly associated.



# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor,  
Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.  
Associate Editors:  
REV. LEWIS SELLIN,  
Home, Oneida Co., N. Y.  
REV. AUSTIN W. MANN,  
23 Linden St., Cleveland O.  
REV. HENRY WINTER SYLVE, Foreign Editor,  
U. S. Mint, Philadelphia, Pa.

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## EDITORIAL NOTES.

The annual election for wardens and vestrymen of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, New York, was held in that church on Tuesday in Easter week, immediately after morning service which began at 8 a. m. The polls closed at 9:30 a. m. The rector, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, presided and appointed Messrs. James Lewis and Robert Reynolds to act as tellers. After their report, the rector declared that Messrs. D. C. Murray and P. P. Dickinson had been elected Wardens, and Messrs. W. O. Fitzgerald, W. W. Wait, J. C. Tracy, H. J. Haight, W. H. Wisner, D. P. Lord, A. B. Carpenter and G. S. Stringfield vestrymen for the ensuing ecclesiastical year.

Mr. W. O. Fitzgerald has been a vestryman since 1859, a longer time than that of any other member of the vestry.

The injury which resulted in the death of Martin Brown, supervisor of the boys at the New York Institution, was undoubtedly purely accidental, and a matter of deep regret to all concerned; but it is a question for those in authority to decide whether certain kinds of athletic feats are unsafe as pastimes for deaf-mutes.

Years ago the pupils of the New York Institution pursued the game of football with such zeal that an occasional broken leg was the consequence; whereupon the governing power deemed it his duty to forbid the sport.

We always like to hear of our mute friends finding enjoyment and health in this or that exercise; but when a certain part of it is found to have a tendency to danger, we submit that wise forethought suggests a cessation from that particular feat of the athlete.

A scandal involving the principal of the Wisconsin Institution for Deaf-mutes, one of the female teachers and one or more of the female scholars of that institution is going the rounds of the press. Of the truth or falsity contained in the rumors we are not, of course, as yet prepared to state, but the proposed investigation will, we presume, bring the facts to light. If innocent, his defamers deserve the severest punishment; but if guilty of the charges preferred, he should have justice meted to him commensurate with the disgrace he has brought upon himself and those under his care. The following in relation to the case we copy from an exchange:

MADISON, Wis., April 23.

"The State Board of Charities and Reform is in secret session at the capital, and there is under consideration a most serious charge against the principal of the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Delavan, in this State. It is alleged that criminality has for some time existed between the principal and one of his female teachers, and also between him and one or more of the female mutes.

The State Board will visit the institution at once and take testimony in the matter. There is much excitement over the case here."

The *Educator* in mentioning the report of the Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-mutes, New York city, owns that, whatever may have been its views in the past, it is not now sorry for this establishment, nor for the organization and success of the other institutions for the deaf in the State, acknowledging that but for them it would now have over 1,000 pupils, and hinting at a corresponding increase in responsibility. It adds that there is, unfortunately, work enough for all and to spare. We wish we could say that there was enough legislative inclination to properly house the deaf in the schools outside of the metropolis.

## The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer*.

Six deaf-mute families have their homes in Jackson, Mich.

THOMAS A. Niles, a former pupil of the Ohio Institution, died recently.

Ten Ohio deaf-mutes beat a picked nine at base ball 10 to 0, recently.

A deaf-mute has opened a shoe-shop in Florida and has lots of customers.

The pupils of the Illinois Institution will have a May party, if they behave themselves.

Rev. A. W. Mann recently held a service in Coopersville, Mich., and baptized a young lady.

Miss Angie A. Fuller, the talented correspondent of the *Advance*, is visiting friends in Chicago.

The Teachers' Association of the Illinois Institution recently tried to find out "how to interest an unruly pupil?"

School will close at the Kentucky Institution on the 15th of July, and at the Kansas on the 15th of June—just one month earlier.

The boys of the Central New York Institution, such of them as could play ball, had a game with a city club on a recent Saturday and got beat.

THREE deaf-mutes have been tramping it around the country in search of a fortune, that, like the Irishman's flea, when you get your hand on it, is not there.

MONDAY last was just such a day as Easter ought to be—balmy and bright. The day was observed in the Institution by a holiday, and was enjoyed accordingly.—*Gazette*.

RECTOR says a deaf-mute baseball club is shortly to be organized in Tennessee—a club that is going to lick every other deaf-mute club. It is going to Washington next fall to whip the Kennedys.

BENOR McLaren will hold confirmation at Rockford, Ill., May 14th, at which it is possible for the two deaf-mute candidates living at Pontonica, in the vicinity, to receive the apostolic rite of confirmation.

PROF. Job Turner arrived at Mobile, Ala., Sunday morning, the 21st ult., and met with a cordial reception during his stay there, indulging in the luxury of nice blackberries, strawberries, Japan plums and early vegetables.

REV. A. W. Mann conducted service in St. James' Church, Chicago, on Easter Sunday. The attendance was unusually large, twenty-six deaf-mutes being present. Miss Angie Fuller was also present on the occasion. The services were unusually interesting.

ON Wednesday, March 27th, the Rev. Job Turner, missionary, visited three deaf-mutes on Jones' Island, at the request of the Bishop of the diocese, who confirmed them recently. He was very cordially received, and his visit was appreciated greatly.—*Churchman*.

We were well acquainted with Mr. Zadock Pratt, mentioned in Mr. Strong's letter elsewhere published, and while at work rolling leather on our father's tannery many years ago, at Florence, N. Y., at which place he visited, he saw us at that business and took our back.

A pleasant event occurred on the 25th of April, at North Beverly, Mass.—the marriage of John Butler, of Brookline, and Addie J. Barnard, of North Beverly, Mass. A large number of friends witnessed the ceremony, and numerous gifts were bestowed on the happy young couple.

ON Easter Sunday evening among the candidates, whose names were twenty-nine, for confirmation was William T. Collins, who was confirmed by Bishop Doane, of Albany, assisted by the rector, Rev. Mr. Harrison, and his assistant, Rev. Mr. Pickalay, at St. Paul's Church, Troy, N. Y.

JOHN Bacon, at one time connected with the Washington college, is now employed as driver for a lumber company in Florida. He came near killing himself and his team by driving too near the railroad track. A pretty deaf-mute seamstress down there, rumor hath it, wants him for a husband.

JOHN Saxton, of Troy, N. Y., returned home from the National Deaf-Mute College, Washington, D. C., lately, taking four days to spend his Easter visit among his friends, in which time he surprised the Troy Deaf-Mute Literary Club by his appearance as if having stepped out of a "hand box." He was looking very hale.

AT a confirmation held in Portsmouth, N. H., recently by Bishop Jagger, a deaf-mute man was confirmed, together with sixteen other persons, in Christ Church. Rev. Mr. Mann was present, and held a sign service in the afternoon, which was largely attended. The Bishop was present and made an address.

We were recently informed, by the despatches, of the death of D. P. Ballard, a mute. He was walking on the railroad track in Kansas, when the locomotive came along and settled the serious question how much longer he had to live on earth. Can any one tell us of what institution Mr. Ballard was a graduate?

THE Superintendent is employed on his "First Biennial Report." We have seen an outline of his plan, and have no hesitation in saying, that it will be the most comprehensive and complete report which has ever emanated from this Institution.

Principals of other Institutions will find in it some tables which have never appeared in a similar report, and which cannot fail to be interesting to all who have at heart the welfare of the deaf and dumb.—*Kansas Star*.

Ten deaf-mutes of Chicago held a meeting in Farwell Hall on the 20th of April to consider matters pertaining to the old society whose meetings have been suspended for some time. Thirteen of the old members were present. The attendance was increased by the presence of a few spectators. On inquiry it was ascertained that thirteen of the old members were in favor of "holding the fort." Efforts will be made to secure a suitable room. If these efforts are successful the society will hold meetings regularly after May 1st.

RAMUEL Norris, a graduate of the Manchester, (Eng.) Institution, recently married to Miss Catherine F. Buschick, of Chicago, is working at ornamental stone cutting at Lemont, Ill., twenty-five miles southwest of Chicago. Having served a long apprenticeship at his trade in England he is a thoroughly first-class workman. Much of the finest ornamental work on the new courthouse at Chicago was done by him.

WILLIAM Hutton, a graduate of the same institution, now living in Cleveland, O., has at last found a good situation at marble cutting and carving, at which trade he is also an expert.

TO-day a middle aged male deaf-mute asked aid from his met. He pretended to be anxious to leave town, but did not have the means with which to purchase a ticket. He applied to Baker & Clittenden to see if they did not have some old tickets to give away. Mr. Clittenden surveyed them and came to the conclusion that he was not well. Charley Cooper, who was passing, was beckoned in and asked to converse with the stranger in the mute language. He tried it, but did not succeed well, as the man knew nothing about it. They wrote on a card that the man was a big fraud, and the man walked away reading it.—*Waterloo Times*, April 23, 1878.

## Local Paragraphs.

Miss Gracie Chandler has a nice new piano.

Some very refreshing showers with in the last few days.

We are sorry to hear that Henry Doyle is very sick.

E. L. Huntington is building the foundation for his new house.

Harry Webb has lately been sick, but we learn that he is getting better.

We hear that Phillip Smith has lately been very sick, but is now a little better.

A good, new, substantial plank walk has lately been laid in front of the M. E. Church.

A. S. Gibson, of Camden, while in town last week, made us a short, but very pleasant call.

The Mexico Hotel barns are being moved by Josiah Averill, preparatory to building the town hall.

Carpenter & Consenso recently took a job of painting two houses in Parish owned by Mrs. A. White, formerly of this village.

Mrs. Horace B. Whitney, of this village, has been quite sick for some time past, but we are pleased to hear that she is now much better.

Under the direction of Henry A. Smith the Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg Railroad Company is building a new iron bridge at Gouverneur.

S. W. Eddy, formerly of this town, now principal of Springfield Academy, Erie county, N. Y., intends, we hear, entering some theological school as a student next fall.

A party of six went from this village to Redfield and other points, last week, to enjoy trout fishing for a few days, returning last Sunday, after having had a very fine time, bringing lots of nice trout.

We were a little in advance of the times, we hear, when we stated in our columns that Carl Stone had been employed as Principal of the Mexico Academy. We were told that such was the fact.

DAVID H. Rider, of this town, recently exchanged his farm for Delos Nichols' place, near the railroad depot, and has taken possession. Mr. Nichols has let out his farm and moved into Mrs. King's house.

The attention of our readers is called to the speech on "The canal question" delivered in the assembly by Hon. D. W. C. Peck, one of our citizens and our member of that branch of our State Legislature. Mr. Peck's speech will be found worthy of perusal by the average reader, and of especial interest to the electors of this district. The subject is handled in a clear, logical and forcible style of oratory for which our member is so well and favorably known. We heartily commend its notice to at least all of our local readers.

Professor Gutstadt, the dancing teacher, of Syracuse, who has lately been giving lessons to a class of boys and girls of this village, at the close of the term gave a dress ball at Empire Hall, Tuesday evening, April 23d, which was quite well attended and was a very brilliant affair. Dillon, of the Empire House, furnished one of his best suppers, and Drescher's orchestra, of Syracuse, discoursed sweet strains of music. Twenty-nine couples engaged in the festivities of the occasion, and quite a large number of spectators were present.

OF the brakeman, injured a little west of our depot last Saturday, the *Oswego Palladium* of that day says:

Jesse Donovan of this city, brakeman on the R. W. & O. freight and accommodation due here from the East at 10:50 A. M. to-day, was struck by a bridge about a mile this side of Mexico. He was on top of a car and after being struck lay insensible till the train had run about three quarters of a mile when he rolled off. The train men saw him and he was picked up and taken to Mexico, where a doctor of that village attended him, after which he was brought home, the train being about an hour late. His injuries are mostly on the head and probably are not serious.

About thirty young ladies and gentlemen met at the house of Mrs. J. R. Stone, in this village, last Friday evening, their object being a surprise to our friend "June" in honor of his near approaching birthday. The role of innocent deception, in similar instances made and provided, was resorted to, and rewarded with the usual success.

"June" was enticed away from home, under promise of an evening's pleasant entertainment, long enough for a multitude of friends to take surreptitious possession, as far as "June" was concerned, of his mother's house, the other members of the household being aware of what was in the wind; then a messenger was despatched to inform the absent victim that a friend from abroad had come—and upon reaching home he found that the friend had certainly arrived and had brought with him a large number of other friends.

"June" thought he saw a vision, but became convinced, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that it was a case of genuine, undisputed reality. The entertainment proved one of the most agreeable and pleasant kind; refreshments of the choicest get-up were served with the most lavish profusion; all were delighted and happy; and at a moderately late hour the invaders left for their various homes, after having had a very large time. The "typo" hopes his birthday will come twice this year, and that he will be away from home both times as he was last Friday night.

Speech of Hon. DeWitt C. Peck, in Assembly, April 10, 1878.

## THE CANAL QUESTION.

The amendment to sections three, five and seven of article seven of the Constitution proposed by Hon. L. I. Hayes abolishing tolls upon the canal and supporting them by tax upon the State, being under consideration, Mr. Peck said:

MR. CHAIRMAN.—The resolutions before us for consideration would, by strict and literal interpretation, seem to involve only the success and perpetuity of our principal canal system. The question really at issue is one of far wider import. It is the transportation problem, and the relation of the State of New York to that problem.

Any discussion which ignores, or even belittles any of the great factors in that problem, is false to the interests of our State, and false to the interests of our cities, because it will be fatal to our true commercial interests. We shall commit a grave error, if, in self-laudation at the prosperity which our canals have hitherto brought us, we close our eyes to the agencies which are steadily and surely enabling other communities, other cities, other States to dispute our proud claim to supremacy. Entranced by the magnificent floral display, and the no less beautiful flowers of eloquence with which this discussion was opened by the chairman of the canal committee, carrying us back, as he did, on rounded periods, to the glories of Damascus and Babylon, and enmeshing us in fallacy as he wove the fine and fanciful fabric of a dream, we shall commit a fatal mistake if we forget the forces at work in the nineteenth century. Beguiled by the eloquent delusion from the "sage of Onondaga," that Little Falls is the only gateway through the mountain chain dividing the west from the sea board, we must not forget that heavy grain-laden trains, drawn by steeds of mighty power, are to-day trampling down the Alleghanies as though they were mole hills.

Ten or fifteen years ago New York might almost be said to have commanded the commerce of the continent. Then rails of soft iron were upon all our railroads. The size of trains was limited by the weight of engines, the maximum being only ten or twelve tons, and these were confined to low grades. If the weight or power of engines was increased, the soft rail lost or changed its fibrous texture, and crushed down beneath the constant tread of the too heavy power. Then the Alleghanies were practically insurmountable, then Little Falls was the key to the whole commercial situation. Henry Bessemer, by his simple and cheap process of decarbonizing iron, has given us a rail which no longer crushes under engines of twenty and thirty tons, with steam power and train burden proportionately increased.

Nitro-glycerine is another of these forces. It crumbles the hardest rock, it breaks down the steepest acclivities, and opens channels and bores tunnels through the hitherto unyielding mountains. Coal is another force and prime factor in this problem. Coal is convertible into power. Coal is power; and cheap coal is cheap power. The Alleghanies, which were the obstacle, contain, stored within their sides, the power to overcome the obstacle.

Capital, concentrated in great corporations and energized by shrewd, keen practical business intellect is another of the nineteenth century forces and another prime factor in the problem. With these forces all combined, wherever commerce wishes to go, she finds or makes a passage.

Mr. Chairman, let us look a little at this railroad power, this combination of forces which is wrenching commerce from our grasp. Look at the locomotive, as it stands upon the track, equipped with fuel, water and all things necessary for the development of its potential energies. It is a huge, ponderous mass of iron, coal and water, some twenty or more tons of inert matter. It cannot move itself, and considerable external force must be applied to push it even on its wheels. Let now the engineer put forth his hand and open a valve. It starts forth with wondrous energy; the earth throbs and trembles beneath it; another motion, it stops; another, it returns again to its place. It is now controlled by mind. Its levers and pinions and wheels are but the bones and muscles and sinews of the extended man; its fiery furnace is but the more capacious stomach for the consumption of food and the evolution of human power. It is the giant, not of "those days," but of these days.

Consider, now, the corporation, with its millions of capital, its thousands of miles of steel rails upon its lines and connections, its thousands of engines and cars within control, its hundreds of stations, and active agents in every city and village and hamlet, on every prairie, at every mountain's foot and on every river's side. Think that all this machinery and organization is controlled by a single mind—a Garrett, a Scott, or a Vanderbilt; again, it is the extended man—a giant master of giants—comprehending, directing, energizing the whole, reaching his iron fingers even to the reaper and thresher in the fields, gathering the flocks and herds from the prairies of Illinois and Iowa and Kansas, from the plains of Texas, and from the mountains of Colorado and New Mexico, arresting the rivers in their flow and bidding them yield their burdens, clutching at the forests for their timber and lumber, and breaking the doors of the mountains and dragging forth their mineral stores. This, Mr. Chairman, is the power that is grappling with New York; and this, may I not add, is one of the mighty powers that New York may, and must, use for her protection.

Our canal system is not to be ignored—it must be preserved; but, compared with this active energy, which penetrates into every nook and corner, it is passive—it can take what comes to it; in its best estate, honestly and ably managed, though passive, it is yet powerful; managed for political purposes, to gratify the ambitious and further the designs of politicians, our canal, as a commercial factor, compared with the railroad, is puny.

It was well said by the gentleman from New York (Mr. Hayes), in substance, that our social and civic life is artificial. If the mechanism which society now employs to sustain its integrity is put out of gear or clogged in any of its essential parts, we are at once in confusion and in danger. A railroad strike of a week's duration puts us in a state of alarm, though there is only a partial stoppage of trains. We close our canals five months in the year; there is no commercial convulsion, no distress. Stop all our trains for five months—the mail trains, the stock trains, the produce trains, the coal trains, the oil trains, the trains laden with all our interchangeable merchandise—and thousands of our business houses, protested, would go down, nearly all the busy industries of our cities would stop, the lamps would go out at night, and men, frenzied with hunger, would clutch each other at the throat in the mad wrangle for food.

Is this extravagance? Pardon a personal allusion to illustrate the dangerous rapidity with which we have taken this artificial method of life. My first visit to this city was made about thirty-two years ago. I came on foot from a point, in Oneida county about one hundred miles distant, as a drover boy, behind one hundred and four head of choice, fat beefs. I well remember that as we reached the summit of any considerable hill, we would count, looking forward and back, from ten to fifteen immense droves of cattle, sheep or swine, all in view from a single point. These cattle were mostly grown in our State. Some came from Ohio and the nearer western States, but these were generally halted, worn and thinned by their long and foot-sore journey, to be refatted in western or central New York. The cattle supplies are now on the far prairies and farther mountains of the west, and, if they could make the journey at all, long before the first slow moving drove could reach New York city, the near by supply, unfit for market, would all be exhausted. When a boy I drew many and many a load of wheat, corn and barley to the Chenango canal to be shipped to New York. I drew more to the distillery near by, to be made into whiskey. Now the section where I then lived buys all its whisky, and largely its meats and bread-stuffs, from abroad.

Our policy has certainly operated to the injury of our agricultural districts; driven from point to point—from grain culture to beef growing and wool growing, from these to the dairy, hops, tobacco, fruits, etc., their market confined to the near by villages and towns—their labor meets with but small, slow and uncertain returns. To further show this adverse change upon the farmers of New York, let me quote from the report of Messrs. David A. Wells, L. J. N. Stark and William Thurston, commissioners invited by the Canal Board to consider and report on tolls, etc.:

"The tonnage of agricultural produce at tide-water by way of the Erie canal in 1839, was 165,870, of which 117,870 tons were credited as the produce of New York, and only 48,000 tons as coming from the entire west and Canada. But, from this time, the aggregate of this class of tonnage increased with great regularity and rapidity, until the year 1863, when the total became 1,899,911 tons, with this very noticeable reversal of the proportions: 1,676,450 tons being credited for that year to the western States and Canada, and only 133,461 as derived from New York. Since the year 1863, the movement of this description of tonnage on the canal to tide-water has declined; but not to a very marked extent as to the products of the western States until 1875; but so notably in respect to agricultural tonnage, the product of New York, that for the years 1875 and 1876, the latter has been comparatively almost nothing, the proportions for 1874 being 1,400,973 tons western States and Canada, to 25,051 tons New York; 1875, 1,130,156 west, to 3,460 New York."

As the effect of this our rural hill-tops are dotted with countless, windowless, abandoned churches and school-houses; our farmer boys and girls are driven into factories and workshops, into villages, cities or to the West; and the census shows for the last two decades a steady loss of population from the rural towns.

As this change from natural to artificial life goes on, society incurs more and more danger from communistic theories. Our social system grows more and more complex and liable to derangement, threatening outbreaks, strikes and bread riots. While we cannot wholly avoid this tendency to artificial life, we should endeavor not to increase it; we should adopt no line of policy which will aggravate its danger.

I would not be understood as in any manner under-estimating the canals as an element in our commercial prosperity. As an offset to the active agencies of the railroads for securing business, there is the ever-active principle that commerce seeks the cheapest routes; but this has been eloquently set forth by our opponents in this debate and need not be repeated. The point I would make, and the point I wish to emphasize is that both these great agencies are the allies of the State—both powerful, both necessary—and any policy which, fostering the one, will cripple the other, must weaken the city of New York, must weaken the State. He would rank as a poor general, who having two great armies differing perhaps in nationality, in methods of warfare, yet allied against a common enemy or for the accomplishment of a common object, should excite their prejudices, arouse their jealousies and set them fighting each other.

If these resolutions are adopted now, and again two years hence, they will reach a submission to the people in

the fall of 1880—the Presidential campaign. If the new plan of canal superintendence shall prove, as to many it seems to point, a political scheme, an intrigue, bounded by political ambition, political necessity, political rapacity, all its lines converging upon the gubernatorial or the Presidential chair, the base uses to which the canals are again to be prostituted will begin to be apparent to the people in 1880. The scheme will, by that time, if at all, be developed in its full grown enormity, in its full grown deformity." Handicapped by this, or, if these fears are groundless, freed from it, the friends of free canals will enter the lists. Their argument began with a beautiful floral display; rare exotic flowers gave their fragrance to the hour; most delicate and most gorgeous tints combined in floral harmony appropriate to the attractive visions of future prosperity; the noted hanging gardens of ancient Babylon had their mimic counterpart, if not as wondrous, perhaps as beautiful. We look forward in infancy to the unrolling of the banners in this coming contest. They are gorgeous with color and tinsel, and fringe, and as they unfold themselves upon the breeze, we read in letters glowing with paradoxical promise, this legend: A FREE CANAL—A BURDENED STATE—PROSPERITY COMES BY TAXATION.

The campaign begins in New York. The speakers point with pride and satisfaction to the special providence of debt, and the blessings of taxation already enjoyed, and promise that the fruition of the present is but a tithe of the joy in store, in that happy day when taxation shall be eternal. Next they visited the bonded towns; here the enthusiasm increases, the excitement intense. No such mighty processions have followed just such banners, no such enraptured crowds have listened to the argument that commerce can be taxed and bonded-in to life since 1868—since the days of municipal railroad building. Then to the valleys of the dried up laterals they go; here the legends upon the banners have peculiar force and meaning. The people have a dazed, confused idea that they have heard of canals and canal taxation before, and they follow with shouts of applause—afraid off. Thus they go with loud peans and salvos, across the State.

We have had just such projects before. The inventors of perpetual motions, self-generating power machines, have flourished in the very frenzy of enthusiasm long ere this.

Mr. Chairman, the people have about got over their last intoxication on this subject; they are sobered, but not strong, not ready for another debauch as soon as 1880. Think you they will vote to tax the spindles that do not spin, the looms that do not weave? Will they tax the furnaces with fireless hearths and smokeless chimneys, the foundries with empty cupolas, the rolling mills that are silent? Tax our paralyzed industries? Will our mortgaged farms, the unused mills going to decay, bear the impost?

Mr. Chairman, it is not necessary. Our canals freed from the burdens of the laterals, and the worse exhaustion of political leeches can yet sustain themselves.

I quote again from the report of Messrs. Wells and others:

"Fiscal results of the Erie and Champlain canals for the twenty-six years prior to 1872. From a statement made by the State Auditor to the Legislature in March, 1872, it further appears that during the twenty-six years ending with the fiscal year 1872, the total receipts from the Erie and Champlain canals amounted to \$81,852,010; and that the total expenditures for administration, maintenance and repairs, and damages were \$22,075,570, showing a net income of \$59,776,440, or 73 per cent. of the gross income during the period under consideration."

If the State of New York had run the Erie and Champlain canals as a business investment, it would have realized an annual average net profit for each and every one of the twenty-six years prior to 1872, of \$2,148,410."

Commerce cannot subsist on visions. No vague dreams of future prosperity will warrant our engaging in any enterprise. Commerce is based upon plain, practical, business principles, the chief of which is that every scheme must pay. Profit is the signal note of trade. No man, no community, no corporation, no State can long carry on a business that does not pay at least its expenses.

It is not proven that our canals cannot pay and let our railroads pay; and mark this, whenever either demonstrates its inability to support itself it will at the same time show itself unable to support, or even to aid, the State.

If we make our canals free, we invite, we compel the same course to be pursued on the part of Canada. By treaty stipulation the same tolls are now imposed by Canada on our vessels as on her own. This is only nominally true in practice. Canada, while keeping the letter violates the spirit of the treaty. She collects the tolls for all her canals between Lake Erie and the Gulf, at the Welland, so that all the lower or down-river canals, where our vessels do not largely go, are entirely free. Thus our people pay as much for navigating 28 miles of the Welland as hers do for her whole canal system. If we remove all tolls Canada will immediately do the same, and the contest will be unequal—a single State against a nation. There is not a province of Canada from Lake Superior to the Gulf but is interested in this contest; and if a free canal is ever to be undertaken on our part, it must be by the General Government. So long as we, as a State, even propose to do it, our National Government will refuse.

Four years ago our State decided no longer to tax herself for her canals. That determination was the result of some three years of discussion and deliberate consideration. I believe it was decisive.

Let us foster all the elements of strength we possess. New York city on her island home is surrounded by magnificent rivers of depth sufficient

for the largest vessels; her harbor is extensive and safe. Let her build massive docks and piers, and warehouses, second to none in the world; let her encourage all her industries; let her free herself from the debt which saps at her strength and almost destroys; let her better classes take control of her politics; let her give to all who come to her, to trade or to toil, the protection of a wise and cheap government; and she will remain the great entrepot of the nation, the mistress of commerce on the western continent.

## FEELS YOUNG AGAIN.

"My mother was afflicted a long time with Neuralgia and dull, heavy, inactive condition of the whole system; headache, nervous prostration, and was almost helpless. No physicians or medicines did her any good. Three months ago she began to use Hop Bitters, with such good effect that she seems and feels young again, although over 70 years old. We think there is no other medicine fit to use in the family."—A lady, Providence, R. I.

## Church Work Among Deaf-Mutes.

At St. Ann's Church, N. Y., on Easter Day, about 60 deaf-mutes received the Holy Communion.

In St. Stephen's Church, Philadelphia, on Tuesday, Holy Week, at 11 A. M., in a class of 40, Rt. Rev. Bishop Stevens confirmed 16 deaf-mutes presented by Rev. H. W. Sylve. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet interpreted the service and the Bishop's address.

The Rev. John Chamberlain held services for deaf-mutes in the chapel of Grace Church, Baltimore, on Sunday, the 7th ult., and on Easter Day, the 21st ult., at 3 p. m. He also gave them an address on Monday evening, the 22d ult. At the Sunday morning services in the church, he assisted the rector, Rev. Dr. Leeds, in administering the Holy Communion.

There was a good congregation of deaf-mutes at the service, conducted by the Rev. Dr. Gall



## Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publication of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

### Interesting News From Cherry Valley.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Spring has suddenly come upon us with its splendor that, as far as the weather is concerned, affords us much happiness.

The moving season of farmers, on the 1st of April, is generally very well known. Mr. Frederick Fox, a white-haired deaf-mute farmer, has moved to Cherry Valley village, on to a farm to which belongs the famous and beautiful Tekaharawa Falls.

In Sprout Brook, N. Y., a Bible-class for deaf-mutes was organized on the 16th day of September, 1877. A monthly service is held, and there is an attendance of six or eight deaf-mutes, who are mostly graduates of the Canajoharie Central Institution.

Mr. George W. Campbell attended well to the business of maple sugar making, and filled numerous jars or bottles with syrup, the quality of which is very delicious. This business is now closed, for spring has come and the sap is all wanted to nourish the trees.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Garlock and son, of Fort Plain, N. Y., went to Schoharie county, N. Y., last winter for the purpose of visiting their relatives and friends. On returning home, they said they were well rested, and highly delighted with the visit.

Last August a deaf and dumb gentleman, of Cherry Valley, had occasion to travel as a pleasure-seeker and to improve his health, while it was reported that Mrs. Nelson Cook was going to Blenheim, N. Y., to visit her daughter, Mrs. James McKeyser, a graduate of the New York Institution High Class, and also to visit her grandchildren. When the train was ready to start the pleasure-seeker escorted her to the cars, and he took a seat in the engineer's cab. Mrs. Cook looked happy, but knew nothing of his ride on the same train. The pleasure-seeker rang the bell at the sight of every sign, "Railroad crossing look out for the cars." Between Sharon and Cobleskill several geese were seen on the track, but, being frightened by the whistle of the locomotive, flew aside; one poor goose, however, was killed.

At the Cobleskill depot the pleasure-seeker caught a glimpse of Mrs. Cook meeting James M. Keyser. In a few minutes she was surprised to see the man of pleasure, and could not find out how he had got there. In the afternoon, after a shower, Mr. Keyser kindly escorted Mrs. Cook and the seeker, in a buggy, through the mountains to his home. His appearance in a white coat and hat reminded the seeker of Horace Greeley, and Mr. Keyser might have said, "What I know about escorting." Just after sunset they reached his home, fatigued from a long ride. The next day the seeker was out observing the farm, barns, cattle and poultry. Mr. Keyser is considered a well-to-do farmer.

There is much beautiful scenery in Schoharie Valley, such as rivers and cascades, and the county of Schoharie is famous for its butter making. Several days having elapsed, Mr. Keyser drove his team southward, in company with his wife, Mrs. Cook and the seeker, to Prattville, N. Y., which is noted as a summer resort. The long drive was through mountains, and along and across the river. On arriving at Prattville they received a hearty welcome from Mr. and Mrs. James Judson, both deaf-mutes.

Mr. Judson is a shoemaker, bee-keeper and saloon-keeper (he sells root beer, hop beer, and honey beer, which he makes,) though uneducated. His appearance was smart and jolly, and his industry and economy deserve great praise. He has a first-class house and shop of his own, and four speaking daughters, who are all married. His wife is a graduate of the Canajoharie Central Institution.

By Mr. Judson the party was escorted to Pratt Park, and climbed its steep mountain to view some curiosity on its rocky precipices. To their pleasant surprise they saw it representing the portrait, in profile, of Mr. Z. Pratt, his son, one favorite horse, mottoes, and some sentences from the professional works of Mr. Pratt, which were sculptured by a New York artist. Their cost was \$5,000, though their perspective is very poor. In Pratt Park there was a plain monument at the graves of three favorite horses, dogs, and one thousand working horses belonging to Mr. Pratt.

From the park the party proceeded to a cemetery where they observed the grave of Mr. Z. Pratt, whose personal history is celebrated for his having once been a United States Senator, a reformer for the reduction of postage,

the surveyor of the Pacific Railroad, the owner of many large farms and a great tannery. About six years ago the angel of death took possession of Mr. Pratt.

The next day the seeker went to Middleburg and called upon Mrs. Dr. Daniel Wells, a graduate of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. He found it very pleasant to converse with her, as she is an amiable and intelligent lady. Finally, the seeker returned home, with his hat and clothes full of dust.

J. E. S.

Cherry Valley, N. Y., April 19, 1878.

[We contradict none of our correspondent's statements, but, in our experience, we never knew a pleasure-seeker to assume control of any engineer's locomotive and amuse himself by ringing the bell at every "railroad crossing." However, the "world moves," and so did the geese, excepting one, whose motions were a little too slow for steam and the man who was bent on pleasure-seeking.—E.]

### Death of Martin Brown.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Death has been among us again, and we mourn the loss of one whom, it would seem, could least be spared.

Mr. Martin Brown, who, as your readers have been informed, met with a terrible accident, being struck by an iron hammer while he and the other boys were throwing in sport, died from the effect of the blow, at ten minutes before three o'clock last Wednesday morning.

Immediately after the accident the physicians declared his injuries to be fatal; but, when an operation was performed which relieved the brain from the pressure of the fractured skull, he improved so much that they dared hope that the brain was not injured, in which case his good constitution might enable him to get over it; but their hopes proved unfounded. He recovered the full use of his mind within three days after the accident, and retained it for more than a week when he became delirious, from which state he subsequently sank into a stupor. Monday evening another operation was performed and the skull again raised, but in vain; he died that night without arousing from the stupor.

The coroner came and a post mortem examination was made. It was discovered that the injury to the brain and skull was of such a serious nature that he had no chance of life from the first; and it was a matter of great surprise to the physicians that he survived so long.

It is a great loss to our institution. He was the only man that could rank with the late Mr. Bull as a supervisor. It will be impossible to find another such a man for the position.

He was a member of the Episcopal church, and a frank, honest, young man. But it was as an associate that we loved him best. He grew up among us and was our every day companion for years. He was a kind, jovial, warm-hearted schoolmate, who was never known to use his great strength to harass his weaker fellows. He was an expert oarsman, and was twice captain of the High Class boat club. He graduated from the class of 1875, and was one of its best scholars. How sad to lose such a promising member of our community. But we have no reason to mourn beyond our own loss, for it was but his gain, as he died a sincere Christian.

The funeral took place the Friday after his death. A choir of the teachers repeated the burial service of the Episcopal church. The Rev. E. W. Donald, his pastor, officiated on the occasion, and made some very interesting remarks concerning the deceased. By the side of the pall was a beautiful and appropriate emblem of the life and sad end of our friend, in the form of a broken column of flowers. Another emblem was a beautiful floral crown placed at his head, signifying his hopes of heaven. These were tokens of the love and respect which the pupils and his associates, the teachers and officers had for him. Six of the young men from the High Class carried the remains to the hearse and they were borne away to Greenwood cemetery, accompanied by his relatives, some dear friends, and his brethren of the Order of Elect Surds, in a body.

MILQ.

New York, April 26, 1878.

—It was recently reported that the banks at Wilkesbarre, Scranton and Reading, in Pennsylvania; at Nashville, Davenport, Mobile, and at Madison, Wis., were either paying or prepared to pay gold in small sums. At Stoughton, Wis., the grain dealers attempted to resume specie payment, but it being a greenback neighborhood, most of the farmers refused to touch gold and demanded greenbacks.

## CINCINNATI.

THE TRUE INWARDNESS OF THAT "OTHER CHURCH SOCIETY."

In the issue of the JOURNAL of April 18th, I find the following:

"John Barriek and John Lane, late Managers of the Cincinnati Church Deaf-Mute Association, have recently organized another Church Society, with only seven members. What does it mean?"

When you see smoke and fire issuing from the windows and roof of a house it does not require a great deal of discernment to understand what it means. It means a great deal, doesn't it? Just so, when you see a rival church organization springing up in a small community of deaf-mutes composed of not more than fifty churchgoers, it does not require the intellect of a Solomon to discern at once that something is wrong, or that a screw is loose somewhere. As with the fire the question at once arises, how did it originate? Who started it? And it is for the purpose of answering these questions, doubtless already propounded by many of the readers of the JOURNAL, that this communication is written.

A person who sets fire to a house and causes destruction of property is justly held amenable to the laws. How much more reprehensible is one who deliberately, and for his own selfish ends, destroys the peace of a whole community by stirring up strife, causing bickerings, feuds and ill will, and that, too, under the cloak of religion?

Six or seven years ago the now venerable Mr. T. R. Middleton, a hearing and speaking gentleman, familiar with the sign language, opened a Bible-class for mutes in this city. At first he conducted it himself, until he had firmly established it, in St. John's Episcopal Church, and then, on account of his increasing infirmities, he relinquished the management of it to the mutes themselves. John Barriek at once took possession and appointed himself "manager," "preacher," "treasurer," "standing committee" and all. To prevent scandal and the untimely breaking up of the class the mutes at first quietly acquiesced, but in the course of time they began to murmur at this usurpation of authority and at his dictatorial ways, and the attendance began to grow less. John Barriek began to see that he was losing his grip and, at his earnest solicitation, Mr. Vance kindly came to the rescue and by his popularity and intelligence held the members together.

Such was the condition of affairs at the time Rev. Mr. Mann was appointed missionary to the mutes of the West. Cincinnati being within his circuit, he wrote to John Barriek informing him that he intended to hold an occasional service here, and proposing to co-operate with him in the good work. This the mutes hailed with delight, and looked forward with pleasure to the coming of Rev. Mr. Mann. Not so with John B. For some reason known only to himself, but which can easily be surmised, he was violently opposed to any one, excepting himself, holding services for mutes in Cincinnati; and he at once set his wits to work to circumvent Mr. Mann. With surprising short-sightedness and stupidity he thought that his object could be attained by removing the meetings from the Episcopal Church, where he had so long held them, to that of another denomination, and, accordingly, on the plea of more light and better room, he made arrangements to remove to the Central Christian Church on Ninth street, which move was duly chronicled in the JOURNAL of that date. Subsequently it dawned upon his clouded intellect that this was not enough. If the mountain would not go to Mohammed, Mohammed might go to the mountain! Accordingly he resolved to remove the mountain—i. e. break up the meetings altogether for a time—until Rev. Mr. Mann had come, found a barren field and retired never to return! Then he would renew the meetings and have the field all to himself! To accomplish this wonderful feat he considered it sufficient for him to resign, or retire for a time, giving as his reason that he was "tired of his arduous labors for so many years and needed a rest," never doubting but that the society would at once fall to pieces without his guiding geniuses, thus to remain until it suited his purpose, in his own good time, to gather the fragments together again and imbue them with life. But first he stipulated that a series of resolutions commendatory of himself should be passed and sent to all the mute papers. This the mutes, delighted to get rid so easily of an incubus that had rested on them so long, readily agreed to do, and they allowed him to go so far as to step down and out; and then they immediately reorganized, removed back to their old

quarters in St. John's Church, and have there continued to hold their meetings regularly ever since.

Now mark the result: Had John B. resigned in good faith, and because he really was tired of his labors, his course would have been very different from what it in fact was. He should have rejoiced to see the society prospering, and done all in his power to aid it. But, surprised, enraged and chagrined at the failure of his real plans and schemes, and finding that in stepping down and out he could not step up and in again, he pocketed all the money of the society—\$13.46—which, as self-appointed treasurer, was in his possession at the time, and refused to turn it over to the duly elected treasurer. Demands, entreaties and exhortations failed to move him. He was obdurate, and reiterated again and again that he proposed to keep it "for his trouble." Finally recourse was had to threats to compel him to hand over the money and accounts, and they succeeded where all other means had failed.

Having failed to break up the society in one way he immediately set to work to do it in another, and for a year and a half he has labored with a persistency, audacity and energy worthy of a better cause and surprising in one who was lately so "tired and wanted a rest," and with what result is seen by the paragraph at the head of this article.

In January, 1877, he attempted to organize a rival society and failed. In January, 1878, he tried again, and again failed. Since then by persistent misrepresentations, fostering personal quarrels among some mutes, inciting others and using John Lane, whose chronic discontent is proverbial among the members of the society, as a cat's paw, he has succeeded in drawing away a few of the least intelligent. But Mr. Middleton laid the society on a secure foundation, and John Barriek builded thereon better than he knew, so that, now that all his efforts to tear down the structure have proved abortive, it still stands and he will fail in all his future efforts, too, and only succeed in bringing upon himself and his tools the just contempt of all peace-loving and honorable persons here and elsewhere. ROBERT P. MCGREGOR.

### A BENEFACTOR TO DEAF-MUTES.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I again take pleasure in contributing to your worthy paper.

A century is flowing into eternity since Samuel Heinicke erected the first German school for deaf-mutes, and became the benefactor of numberless sufferers of his own and future ages. To celebrate this occurrence the German Deaf-Mute Convention in Leipzig (where Sam. Heinicke gave his first lesson,) has prepared for a grand festival on which the idea to keep in memory the benefactor of deaf-mutes, by erecting a monument, will be realized. The necessary steps to collect contributions have already been taken.

Being put in mind of their brothers in his old native country, the German-American Association of Deaf-Mutes, of this city, desire also to spend the festival here on the 14th of June. In a meeting, which took place April 14th, at the association's room, 186 East second street, under the presidency of Mr. Leopold Loewenstein, the celebration of a festival was definitely resolved upon, and it was reported that a collection of contributions for the benefit of a monument had resulted in a good amount, which had already been sent to the above convention in Leipzig.

After this, some of your readers will say: "Not Heinicke, but the Abbess De l'Épée and Sicard were the first teachers of deaf-mutes."

They are all right, but, to be correct, it must be mentioned that De l'Épée and Sicard taught pupils by speaking with fingers and hands, and in hearing with eyes, but, yet the latter remain to be called "deaf-mutes," and certainly with the difference of being "educated deaf-mutes." But now have Germans, like the noble Sam. Heinicke, taught them to speak with the mouth and to read from the lips, and, then, they may be considered semi-mutes in the full sense of the word. I must add that, according to my experience, there are in the great United States of free America only 30,000 deaf-mutes (a happy fact,) of whom, probably, but 1,000 are in possession of the ability of lip-reading. I think the government ought to import teachers for articulation, or send a few teachers to Europe, where they can learn practically how to teach deaf-mutes to speak. I expect that here, in young America, articulation will soon be favored in every institution.

For its worthy interest, I write some description of the life of the noble man, in a few words. He

was born April 10th, 1729, in Nauschutz, a village in Weissenfels, Germany, and, being the only son of a farmer, he was educated in the fear of God, by his father, a severe, but honest man, and prepared for the farm. His father was opposed to the boy's fondness for the sciences and music, which caused melancholy, and yet he bore it with patience. But when the father commanded him to marry a girl whom the latter did not like, he could no longer remain at home, and went, in 1750, to Dresden, Capital of Saxony, and found the mutes. He spent his leisure in learning music, arithmetic and writing, and then, by sparing what he could of his money, earned by giving lessons, he bought French and Latin books, and learned them with such zeal and perseverance that he could soon speak them fluently.

Fortune soon favored him, for he soon had so many scholars that he could live without sorrows, and even think of marrying. But suddenly, the seven years' war, of 1756, disturbed his home happiness. The Saxon troops must march out, and with them Heinicke. All his petitions were refused; Heinicke must go into the war, and, taking leave of his wife and child in tears, he went thither. On October 17th, 1756, taken prisoner with his corps, he was taken to Dresden, where he escaped from prison, by craft, passing the guards in the role of a violin player. He returned to his father's house at Nauschutz, and was reconciled with his parents. But he could no longer live an idle life and, therefore, went to Jena, where he was admitted as a student in the university, where he could stay only one year, as he was liable to be recognized and seized by the Prussian recruiting officers. For that reason, in 1758, he went to Hamburg, where he gained his livelihood by private lessons and was, in 1760, on Klapstock's recommendation, secretary and house-teacher of Duke Schn—, in Copenhagen, Denmark. In 1768 he was teacher and chanter in Eppendorf, near Hamburg.

Among his pupils there was a deaf-mute boy, who was no curiosity to him, as he had had one such already in Dresden, and he taught him in arithmetic and writing. But the war had made it impossible for him to realize his idea that he had before entertained. Now he had a new opportunity, and, observing the deaf-mute boy's emotions at fright or joy, he concluded that the boy was, indeed, not at all dumb, and that his speaking organs were not disturbed, but were not used, only for want of practice, and as the individual could not hear, he reflected on a method for procuring artificial tones. After many unsuccessful experiments, during three years, he was successful; the boy could speak intelligibly. The consequence of it was that, in 1772, four deaf-mutes, were brought before him, and pupils increased from year to year, and Heinicke, within a short time, acquired a reputation which came to the ears of the elector of Saxony. The latter called him back, in 1778, to his native country, and engaged him at a salary of about \$300. As the freedom to choose a place for his institution was granted to him, he chose Leipzig, and, with his second wife, moved there in 1778, taking his four children and nine pupils from Eppendorf, and, on April 14th, 1778, opened the first German Institution for Deaf-Mutes in Leipzig.

Till April 30th, 1790, he lived to see the successful progress of his school, when he died of apoplexy, at the age of 61 years. The place of his grave is unknown, and the most diligent searchings for it resulted in nothing. The deaf-mutes may console themselves with the words of the poet:

"Changes the body to dust, but the name lives still."

His second wife, Ann Catharine Kludt, born in 1756, after the death of her husband managed the school till 1828, when she was pensioned. She died August 6th, 1840, after she had lived an active life for about 60 years.

Some of the works of Sam. Heinicke are known to us, such as: "Observations about the dumb, and about the human language," published in 1768, "About the disposition of the deaf-mutes and the ill-treatment to which they are exposed by frantic cures and systems," published in Leipzig, in 1783, "About the different methods of teaching deaf-mutes and their dispositions as compared with ours," and "About dark prejudices and their perniciousness."

All respect to those men who exercise the act of humanity to restore the deaf-mutes to the speaking world, and to produce for them the possibility of making themselves intelligible by means of tone-speaking with hearing people.

EMILE BASCH.

New York, April 23, 1878.

## A CHILD'S DEATH-BED.

A PATHETIC STORY OF THE DYING VISIONS OF A LITTLE DEAF-MUTE.

(From the St. Louis Journal.)

The following story was told a *Journal* reporter yesterday by a lady whose veracity is undoubted. Some four weeks ago Carrie Wilson, an interesting little girl, aged about 10 years, after a protracted illness, died at the residence of her parents, No. 1,021 North Fourth street. From the day she entered this care-laden world her troubles began, for she was born a deaf-mute. Her parents were very poor people, able only by the strictest economy to shift through from one year to another, and the little one, whose organs of both hearing and speech had been stricken by the Divine hand, was looked upon as a something human, of course, but nothing more than a little bit of bodily ill, who would always, in her helplessness, have to be provided for. A few years ago her father died, and her mother found it doubly hard to support a large family of small children. About this time Mrs. Ann Bailey, a great-hearted Christian woman, residing at No. 2,708 Chouteau avenue, became acquainted with Mrs. Wilson's circumstances, and having a tender spot in her heart for the little unfortunate, for she also had a deaf daughter, concluded to adopt little Carrie. Mrs. Wilson was not averse, and after a few weeks' sojourn in Mrs. Bailey's family, Carrie was sent to Fulton, Mo., to be educated under the supervision of Mr. and Mrs. Tuttle. She spent two years there, acquiring knowledge with a degree of rapidity astonishing for one of her tender years, but her health, always poor, failed entirely, and she was brought back to St. Louis to die.

Mrs. Wilson had, in the meanwhile, married again, and being in better circumstances than when Mrs. Bailey adopted Carrie, requested that she should be once more placed under her care. The days went by, and the little innocent creature grew weaker and weaker; for consumption never relaxes its grasp from king or clod, prince or peasant. One forenoon Mrs. Bailey and her daughter Mattie received a message stating that Carrie was dying, and that she asked for them continually, and half an hour later they were at the bedside where the large speaking eyes were taking on a happier expression.

Through her feeble signs she communicated the wish to be left alone with her benefactor, and when her relatives had left the chamber she related the following story through her own peculiar language:

At 8 o'clock that morning she was all alone in the little room, her mother having readjusted the pillows and gone into another part of the building to attend to her household duties, and on looking up she saw her dead father bending over her. She was not frightened, for he seemed so kind and good, and his face was just like the portrait she had so often looked at for hours at a time in Mrs. Bailey's drawing-room—the portrait of Christ at the well in Samaria. "He seemed pleased and happy," her little fingers said, "and bending his hand down by the side of my ear he whispered, and I heard just as plain as any person could hear, 'Carrie, my poor little afflicted lamb, you will soon have no more trouble, for I will take you to Jesus in exactly four hours.' Even as he said that, Mrs. Bailey, our clock in the other room that I can see when the door is open, and it was open then, for mamma had left it that way so if I wanted anything I could tap on the headboard and she would hear it, indicated just 8 o'clock. 'Only four hours more, Carrie,' he said, and I heard it so plain, too, and then taking my face between his hands that were so light and soft and not a bit like they used to be when he was on earth before, he kissed me such a long kiss, and left me."

The little hands lay quite still for a minute or more, apparently tired out, said Mrs. Bailey, and then they signalled:

"I began to feel easier, then; this pain in here (pointing to her heart), left me all at once, and I thought I could get up and play like I used to before I got sick. Oh, I know papa will come, for he was so earnest, and he never told me but one story, and that was about Santa Claus, and it wasn't a very big story. Don't you think he will, Mrs. Bailey? Oh—!"

"The little hands ceased their rapid manipulations," said Mrs. Bailey, with a voice choking with emotion, "the eyes left mine and turned upward quickly, with a half smile, the feeble hands were raised half above her head, she gave a faint flutter like that of a wounded bird, and then nestled down quite still."

"The tired, tortured spirit that had never known one moment of unalloyed happiness on this earth, had gone out and on its way to the better land. I left the bedside, walked to the door, opened it, and lifted my eyes to the clock. The minute-hand was just passing over the hour-hand that told 12 o'clock."

## A COURAGEOUS ENGINEER.

SAVING THE LIFE OF A LITTLE GIRL WHILE GOING FORTY MILES AN HOUR.

While the Erie lightning express train was sweeping down the valley of the Delaware, a mile below Cocheaton, on Wednesday of last week, the engineer saw a little girl walking the track. He was just rounding a curve. The locomotive shrieked, but within two seconds the child was overtaken and the train passed the spot where she had stood. The engineer looked behind the rear car, expecting to see her mangled body. But the track was clear. He stepped upon the guards of the locomotive, and saw the child plastered against the cowcatcher. She was senseless. He approached her with great care, and succeeded in rescuing her as she was about to roll to the ground.

The train was stopped and backed up to the residence of the girl's parents. They were poor people living in a shanty on the line of the road. The girl was about eleven years old. She was slightly cut about the face, but escaped without further injury. The passengers were delayed ten minutes. When they left, the child was smiling in the lap of her mother.

### MYTHS ARE BUT SYMBOLS OF TRUTH.

As the scholar sees in the vain but beautiful mythologies of the ancients the embodied expressions of the hungry human soul, blindly groping after the Infinite, so the physician sees in that popular myth of the sixteenth century the fountain of perpetual health and youth—an expression of the longings of suffering humanity for a remedy that should forever prevent the incursion of disease. The wilds of Europe were ransacked for this wonderful fountain, and Ponce de Leon sought for it in the cypress-swamps and tangled ever-glades of our sunny Florida. Men have searched for it everywhere and anywhere but where it really is—in the human body itself. The blood is the real fountain of perpetual health and youth. When this source is corrupted, the painful and sorrow-producing effects are visible in many shapes. The multifarious forms in which it manifests itself would form subjects upon which I might write volumes. But as all the varied forms of disease which depend upon bad blood are cured, or best treated, by such medicines as take up from this fluid and excrete from the system the noxious elements, it is not of practical importance that I should describe each. For instance, medical authors describe about fifty varieties of skin disease, but as they all require for their cure very similar treatment, it is of no practical utility to know just what name to apply to a certain form of skin disease, so you know how best to cure it. Then again, I might go on and describe various kinds of scrofulous sores, fever sores, white swellings, enlarged glands, and ulcers of varying appearance; might describe how virulent poison may show itself in various forms of eruptions, ulcers, sore throat, bony tumors, etc.; but as all these various-appearing manifestations of bad blood are cured by a uniform means, I deem such a course unnecessary. Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the great fountain of life, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and soundness of constitution, will all return to us. For this purpose Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Purgative Pellets are pre-eminent; the articles needed. They are warranted to cure better, salt-rheum, scald head, St. Anthony's fire, rose rash or erysipelas, ring-worms, pimples, blotches, spots, eruptions, pustules, boils, carbuncles, sore eyes, rough skin, scurf, scrofulous sores and swellings, fever sores, white swellings, tumors, old sores or swellings, affections of the skin, throat and bones, and ulcers of the liver, stomach, kidneys, and lungs.

### PLANTS.

Send your address for our new spring price list of plants. Our stock is large and we are selling very low. Address, Oswego Greenhouses, W. N. Matton, Manager, Oswego, N. Y.

### CONDENSED NEWS.

—Victoria Woodhull has married a wealthy merchant.

—John S. Norton, arrested in New York for drunkenness, died suddenly in the station house.

—Charles Dimmit, on trial for robbing the safe of the county treasurer, at Batavia, O., was found guilty.

—A woman in Fairfield, Me., has a growth of natural hair eight feet and one inch long, and has refused, it is said, \$2,000 for it.

—William Orton, of New York, the president of the Western Union Telegraph Company, died on the 22d of April of apoplexy.

—What is to be our future? France, with 35,000,000 inhabitants is only four fifths as large as Texas. And England with 30,000,000 inhabitants is just about the size of New York.

—Among the gentlemen summoned to appear before the house banking committee for examination in regard to the possibility of an early resumption of specie payments are George Bliss, Joseph Seligman and Peter Cooper of New York.



